

During April...

The most courteous treatment we can. We please. Ring us. We will appreciate your trade.

E. J. FOUNTAIN
Phones 111 and 179 The Quality Grocer

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Bryan Daily Eagle

Entered at the Postoffice in Bryan, Texas, as second class matter.

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One month.....\$.40
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One year.....4.00

Advertising rates on application.

Subscribers will confer a favor on the management by telephoning the office promptly when carriers fail to deliver the paper, or when change of residence occurs.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisers will please take notice that to insure the appearance of their ads on the day the copy is brought in, copy for daily ads, both new and changes, must reach the office not later than 10 o'clock a. m. on the day the ads are to appear. Copy for ads in the Weekly must reach the office by Tuesday afternoon, not later than 5:30.

All notices of church services, and all other notices, must be in the office by 12 o'clock of the day they are to appear.

It is our purpose to make the Eagle prompt to the minute and to this it is necessary to have fixed rules. Our friends and patrons will aid us greatly by complying with the above.

THE EAGLE PRINTING CO.

BRYAN, TEXAS, APRIL 3, 1909.

Cone Johnson says: The prohibition question has passed the stage of debate and argument. We may expect then that the speeches hereafter will be nothing but appeals to passion.

If Crazy Snake does surrender and become civilized everybody will think he is a hypocrite unless he changes his name.

The Cubans didn't shed any tears nor slobber over the American soldiers when they left the island. Ungrateful wretches!

Count Zeppelin landed his airship safe in the midst of a violent wind-storm. Some are not so successful in getting down without loss.

The air of Bryan is pure, but it might be purer; the water of Bryan is wholesome, but it might be wholesomer; the politics of Bryan is—but it might be—er.

Horace Chilton has ever shown a lack of prudence and good judgment, but his refusal to re-enter politics after having retired is best evidence of wisdom he has yet displayed.

Our own congressman Hon. Rufus Hardy led the forlorn hope in the assault on the Payne bill. In the course of his speech he declared that the proposed measure was "a huge mer-hiphophelian joke." That's good.

Some members of the house find it necessary to spend a good deal of time defending their democracy. Every member's democracy, like Caesar's wife's virtue, should be above suspicion.

Says Snap Shots in the Galveston News: A real talkative man would find Heaven on earth if he could die and come back to tell what he saw on the other side. But when he found that nobody believed his tales and somebody called him a liar there would be hell to pay.

The governor, so it is said, has notified the legislature informally that he will not submit the appropriation bill at the present special session, which makes a second special session inevitable. This is holding their noses to the grindstone with a vengeance.

Revenge in Ceylon.

A system of Cingalese "black magic" peculiar to the island is still practiced in some parts of Ceylon. It is stated that there are 4,440 different methods of causing ill to others. Here is a translation of one of these methods of dealing with your enemy:

"On Sunday eleven peya"—one peya equals twenty-four English minutes—"after sunrise Yama Devi"—the god of death and judgment—"goes to the west. Start at this hour; take a meal of bluish rice; dress in red colored garments.

"Take a root of ginger at the time of the zodiac of Arles; write on it the name of your rival, charm it 108 times, wrap it in a golden colored cloth and place it in your waist.

"When you meet your rival, look straight into his face and break the root in your hand. Within nine peyas he will be killed by an elephant, and when seven months elapse six other persons of his family will meet their doom."—Ceylon National Review.

A Gale by Another Name.

Doubtless there were many puzzled readers when a deep sea skipper rolled into this harbor a few days ago and reported that his ship had been belated by a gale which had piped up to "force 10."

"Force 10." "Force 10." It was explained, meant something like a hurricane. It is a term borrowed from the Beaufort scale, a scheme of wind measurements devised by the British admiral Beaufort before the days of ocean going steam. Force 1 was a calm, force 2 a light breeze, and so on up to the hurricane velocity. Perhaps, too, the Beaufort scale may give a clue to those who have been wondering for some time at the title of a popular German picture. It is just one expanse of frowning cloud and storm tossed billow, and the artist has named it "Windstärke 10, 11."—New York Sun

Digging For Money.

The honest workman was engaged in excavating operations—i. e., he was digging. The stray wayfarer, of the inquisitive turn of mind stopped for a moment to look on.

"My man," said the S. W. at length "what are you digging for?"

"The H. W. looked up.

"Money," he replied.

"Money?" ejaculated the amazed S. W. "And when do you expect to strike it?"

"Saturday," replied the H. W. and resumed operations.

Direct Answers.

The negroes of Africa are simple and direct in speech. It never occurs to them, writes Mr. R. H. Milligan in "The Jungle Folk in Africa," that the purpose of language is to conceal thought, and to commiserate the African for his color is a waste of sympathy. In illustration of this Mr. Milligan gives an amusing conversation with one of his pupils. One day when I was talking to Bojedi something in the course of the conversation prompted me to ask him whether he would like to be a white man. He replied respectfully but emphatically in the negative. I wished to know his reason. He hesitated to tell me, but I was insistent, and at last he replied: "Well, we think that we are better looking."

I gasped when I thought of the vastly ill looking faces I had seen in the jungles, and in apology for myself I said:

"But you have not seen us in our own country, where there is no malaria and where we are not yellow and green."

He quietly asked what color we were in our own country, to which I promptly replied, "Pink and white."

Looking at me steadily for a moment, he remarked:

"Mr. Milligan, if I should see you in your own country I don't believe I should know you."

Long Winded Preachers.

Dean Lefroy, who expressed the opinion that ten minutes is long enough for a sermon, would have met with scant sympathy from some divines of past centuries, says the Westminster Gazette.

Thomas Hooker considered three hours a fair average allowance for a sermon, though, on one occasion, when he was ill, he let his congregation off more lightly. Pausing at the end of fifteen minutes, he rested awhile and then continued his homily for two hours longer. Cranmer's sermons were each a small book when set up in type, and Baxter, Knox, Bunyan and Calvin rarely preached "lastly, my brethren," under two hours.

George Herbert once said: "The parson exerts not an hour in preaching, because all eyes have thought that a competency" but a certain rector of Billbury, Gloucestershire, was of an other opinion, for he never sat down under two hours. The squire, we learn, usually withdrew after the text was announced, smoked his pipe outside and returned for the blessing.

Concrete.

Concrete itself is, of course, very old. The concrete stairs of Colchester and Rochester castles still show the marks of the incising boards. The dome of Agrippa's pantheon, which is 142 feet in diameter, is of concrete, and fragments of concrete buildings are found in Mexico and Peru.—London Spectator.

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EASTER MILLINERY OPENING

Monday, April 5, '09

We will show every style creation that Dame Fashion favors for Spring. And the styles are many and original.

We invite your inspection of this glorious showing of Millinery, and we wish particularly to emphasize the fact that we are equipped to satisfactorily serve the woman who wishes to pay \$2.50 to \$5.00 for her Hat as well as the woman who can afford a \$10.00 to 25.00 Hat.



Souvenirs to all married ladies who call Monday



Right on the Corner

EUGENE EDGE

Right on the Price